Midnight Crusade
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Midnight Crusade

by kaleidoscope_Luli

Summary

After the seventh time that Peter tells the man that he really, truly is just here to clean, he starts to wonder if he should report to HR that Tony Stark is hellbent on believing that Peter is an escort.

Or the one where Peter is a housekeeper who likes women's shorts and Tony is just a harassment scandal waiting to happen.

Title is after 'Midnight Crusade' by Dance Gavin Dance

Chapter 1

Peter knows he's got time to work his life out, Aunt May never shuts up about how 'it's never too late if you don't believe that it is', and 'you're the only one keeping you from your full potential'. He knows that twenty isn't old, that he has time, that he shouldn't close off his options just because he's not fresh out of high school anymore, but that doesn't make it easy.

He didn't want to clean rich people's houses forever, that's nobody's dream. But realistically, what other options did he have?

"New client, Peter, this one's your's." May said from behind her desk.

"Why mine? I thought I was going to Mrs. Wallace's today? I love Mrs. Wallace." Peter said groaning. "If this is another trust-fund-kid's frat party I swear to god, aunt May..."

"Not far off, actually. You're cleaning the Penthouse floor of Stark Tower today." She mused.

"That was a joke right?" Peter said after a pause, eyes pleading.

"I wish it were, sweetheart. He asked for the best and that's what he's getting, so gear up and get out of here. Lots of rooms, lots of money." She says, never looking up from her computer.

"You've got to be fucking kidding me." Peter mumbles.

"Peter."

"Sorry, I'm going."

"And change out of those god damned booty shorts, you look like you belong on the Dukes of Hazzard." She shouted as he walked out the door.

"Not happening." He said back. If he had to clean a stupid billionaire's penthouse, he was doing it comfortable.

He drove up to Stark Tower and he just knew, knew he was walking into the aftermath of a full-blown mansion rager.

He rode the elevator up with his cleaning case and vacuum trailed behind him until the elevator came to a screeching halt, initially startling Peter before he deadpanned.

"Please let this kill me." He mumbled.

"Hey," he hears from outside of the elevator, the doors being pried open. "Slide through, kid. Elevators shut off while they fix it, so you're safe."

"That's unfortunate." Peter whispered to himself as he slid out the small opening by the floor.

"What about my equipment?" He asks once he's back on his feet.

"Elevator should be fixed in twenty minutes, go ahead and take the other one, boss is already cranky this morning and I don't want to be blamed for his housekeeper being late. We'll bring your stuff to you when we get this one working." The man said, looking at his watch.

"Oh, okay, I guess." He said.

"What is your clearance, sir?" A voice came into the elevator once he pushed the button for the top floor, and Peter really just wanted to go back to bed and skip today.

"Um- my, sorry my clearance? Um, I'm the housekeeper." Peter said, looking around the elevator for a camera.

He rode all ninety floors before he was finally at Tony Stark's penthouse. The elevator opened into the living room and he noticed a few things; he was right about the rager, he was right about the mansion, and he really wishes the elevator had killed him.

"Who the fuck- oh." Tony Stark said, walking into the living room and trailing eyes down Peter's body. "You're late."

"I know Mr. Stark, I'm very sorry, the eleva-" The older man cut him off.

"I don't care, it's too late now." The man said, turning away. "You want something to drink?"

"No, thank you. Um, what do you mean it's too late?" Peter asks, watching the man pour scotch at ten in the morning.

"I mean," He replied, gesturing around him. "The party is over already. Not that I'd be all that opposed to some private time."

Peter furrows his brows and steps forward. "Sir, I think there's been a misunderstanding. I'm just here to clean, I'm only ten minutes late because your elevator is broken."

"Oh," Stark drawls, a smirk on his face. "I see. You're a maid, aren't you baby? And you're so, so late that daddy's gonna have to punish you, isn't he?"

Peter sputters. "No, sir. I'm with Sunshine In May, the cleaning company? I'm literally here to clean your house."

"Adorable outfit, sweetheart. Let's see, how good is your spit shine?" The man replies.

"Sir, I'm sorry, I don't think you understand." Peter tries to explain again.

"I think I understand just fine." Stark says.

"I am a housekeeper." Peter says plainly.

"Of course, and I am your rich boss who watches your sweet little ass while you dust my shelves."

"I am here to clean up after you and your elderly frat bros." Peter says, getting real sick of Mr. Stark's shit.

"Wow, you're a biter, aren't you baby? I can keep up. Let's get started though, I've got things to do." The man says, sitting on the sofa and propping his feet up on the coffee table.

Peter genuinely doesn't know what he's suppose to do here, he has no equipment, no proof of why he's here, and no idea how to get himself out of this incredibly awkward situation.

"I'm- do you have any trash bags? As much as I'm enjoying this, I need to get started. I get paid by the hour and all, but I have another gig after this." Peter asks, shifting uncomfortably on his feet.

"Wow, you're really ruining the illusion here, pretty boy. I already told you, we can get started now." The man says.

"I need a trash bag if I'm gonna clean all this up, Mr. Stark."

"Call me Tony, baby." He says, hauling himself up off the sofa and heading for the kitchen. "I guess I'll play along."

"Um- okay, thank you sir." Peter says, opening the trash bag and starting to pick the trash up off the floor.

"Damn, those shorts are wonderful. Gotta say, you're really committed to the maid act, guess it adds to the striptease if you're actually cleaning." Tony says, hand trailing down the front of his jeans.

"Sir, I'm sorry but I'm gonna have to ask you to stop. You're making me really uncomfortable." Peter speaks up.

"Shit, I'm sorry, honey. I'm gonna be up front, I've had a lot of strippers in my day, but never an actual escort." Tony says, voice dropping to almost a whisper.

Peter has his hand drawn back, ready to slap the man when the elevator dings and a man comes in with his cleaning equipment.

"Oh thank *god*. See? Actual housekeeper, not a roleplaying sex worker." Peter says, pointing to his things.

"Holy shit, you're actually here to clean, aren't you?" Tony says, turning a shade of red that Peter had never seen before.

"Yes! That's what I've been trying to tell you, Mr. Stark." Peter says, exasperated. "If you don't mind, I'm gonna go ahead and do that."

"I completely forgot that I scheduled for someone to come clean, I am so sorry, Mister?" Tony says, holding out his hand for a shake.

"Parker. It's fine, and I just saw you touch your dick with that hand and you've made it pretty clear where *that's* been, so I'm gonna pass." Peter says, skirting around the man and finally getting started on his actual fucking job.

After three hours of picking up trash, cleaning up vomit and sticky spilled booze, and vacuuming up glitter and, accidentally, one used condom, he'd finally circled back to the living room.

"Mr. Stark, I'm finished up here, so I'm going to head out. We'll send you the bill." Peter said, wrapping the vacuum cable back up.

"Mr. Parker, I just wanted to say how incredibly sorry I am for earlier. I would have never said-anything, any of that stuff had I known." Tony said, clearly embarrassed.

"It's okay, sir, really. I'm honestly kind of flattered that *the* billionaire bachelor, Tony Stark thought *I* was cute enough to be an escort." Peter chuckled. "But yeah, maybe next time you should set separate alarms, you know? One for housekeeping, one for sex workers?"

"Yeah, I'll consider that for sure." Tony laughed, awkwardly scratching the back of his neck. "Honestly, I'm considering having you stay on as housekeeper just so I can pay you obscene amounts and spend the rest of your cleaning career making it up to you.

"Oh, no sir, that's not necessary. Thanks, though." Peter said. "But, yeah. Um- I should get going."

"Can I at least buy you lunch?" Tony says, stepping forward as Peter steps back. "Just, to try and make it up to you?"

"I don't know, Mr. Stark. I'm not sure that'd be appropriate." Peter wonders around.

"Trust me, no less appropriate than what I was getting ready to do, earlier." Tony says sheepishly.

"I- really, all is forgiven, sir." Peter assures and turns to head for the elevator.

"Can I at least know your name? So I can brag on you to your superiors?" Tony asks.

"My aunt owns the company, nobody can brag on me better than she can." Peter says with a wink as the elevator closes.

He'd never admit it, not even to himself, but that was probably the funnest gig he'd ever worked.

"Aunt May, you won't believe the day I've had." Peter starts as he walks into her office.

"I think I might, actually. What happened at the penthouse?" May asks.

"Tony Stark thought I was some kind of escort." He snorted. "I spent fifteen minutes trying to convince him that I was a housekeeper, he even touched his dick." Peter was almost cackling at this point.

"I told you not to wear those shorts, Peter. Should I report that?" She asks, both amused and a bit concerned.

"No, I think he's harmless, he really didn't know that I was a housekeeper and he made all kinds of offers to apologize." Peter said, wiping his eyes.

"He sure did, he gave you a bonus and asked for you as his weekly housekeeper." She said with a brow raised.

"I think I'll pass, send someone else, someone ugly, although I think he might fuck anything with legs." Peter quipped.

"He doesn't want anyone else, asked for you specifically. And we need this, bud, big ticket client and all. Sorry." May said, clearly not actually sorry.

Peter groaned and stomped his foot before whining. "Do I have to?"

"Yes, Peter, the man gave you a three-thousand dollar bonus, this isn't an offer. You're doing this, period." She said.

"I'm sorry, did you say three-thousand dollars?" Peter asked, jaw dropping.

"I did, now go home. You're officially employed by Tony Stark through the Sunshine In May Cleaning Services, have a good day!" She said sarcastically.

Peter groaned petulantly the entire walk out of the building, actually considering quitting, and also considering wearing an ankle length, long-sleeved dress to his next job at the Tower.

Chapter 2

"No, MJ I swear to god, the man thought I was there to fuck." Peter spoke into his phone while driving to the penthouse the following week. "He thought I was a sex worker, and now he's hired me as his permanent housekeeper."

"Peter, just let him dick you down and get it out of your systems. That's what we did, and then we both realized we're gay, and look at us now." She says, and Peter really can never tell when she's joking.

"I'm not having sex with him, MJ. He's my boss, and he's a fucking horndog. He might as well have pinched my ass and said he likes my spreadsheets." Peter huffed. "And besides, he basically admitted that he only hired me because he felt guilty."

"Are you wearing the shorts?" MJ asks.

"No, I'm wearing khakis like May asked me to." He said, glancing down at himself while he pulls into the parking deck.

"Well watch out, Jake from State Farm, khakis make your ass look amazing." She laughed.

"My ass always looks amazing," Peter said. "But I'm here, so I gotta go. I'll see you tonight, right? You and Ned are still coming over for movie night?"

"Yeah, of course. Make sure you let us know if your sugar daddy keeps you late for some extra TLC."

"Fuck off. Love you, bye." Peter chuckled.

"Love you too, bitch." She said before singsonging. "Don't forget protection! Latex gloves are very important to protect against-"

Peter hung up, he'd have to hear all these jokes again later, anyway.

He hopped on the elevator and pressed the ninety button.

"Hello again, Mr. Parker." Jarvis says almost immediately.

"Hey Mr. Jarvis, how has your week been?" Peter asks while riding up the elevator.

"My week has been wonderful, sir, thank you for asking."

He walked into the penthouse from the elevator, dragging his equipment behind him. "Is Mr. Stark here today?"

"Yes, he's in his lab. I've informed him of your arrival, would you like me to fetch him?" Jarvis asks.

"No, that's okay. Do you know if he wants me to clean the other two floors?" Peter asks.

"Yes, Mr. Stark has requested 'the works'."

"Okay, I'll go ahead and get started then." Peter says, starting in the kitchen.

It really is a beautiful home, all dark grey marble and windows everywhere, he wonders how much, exactly, this place is worth. But the thought passes quickly as he puts in his headphones and starts working on the dishes, emptying the trashcan and replacing the bag. He decides to clean the fridge, as well as the other appliances, not really knowing how deep of a cleaning Tony thought 'the works' was. He'd rather do too much than not enough.

He moved onto the living room, washing all the floor-to-ceiling windows and wiping down the coffee table before dusting the shelving that held the man's massive entertainment center.

Room by room, Peter cleaned. He didn't miss the pubes in the drain of the bathtub, though, and the thought made him laugh so hard he felt his belly burning. He quickly pulled out his phone and shot a text to MJ.

stark shaves his pubes LMAO

ur kidding lol

swear to god lmfao i was joking abt him being an old fratboy but im pretty sure i was right

He puts away his phone and finishes up on the lowest floor, before moving to the next. Apparently he has clearance to be right where Tony didn't want him to be, because when the man sees the elevator open and Peter walk into his lab, he shot up off his stool in shock.

"I- sorry, was I not suppose to come up here? Jarvis said you wanted all the floors cleaned, I thought- sorry." Peter stammered a bit.

"No, it's okay. I meant the main floor and the roof, I thought *Jarvis* knew I didn't mean this floor. But never mind all that, how are you doing?" Tony says.

"I'm good, don't worry about it, I'll go to the roof and finish up. Sorry for bothering you, sir." Peter said, heading back towards the elevator.

"It's okay, stick around a second, I wanted to chat a bit." Tony said, patting the stool next to him.

"I should probably just get back to cleaning, sir." Peter said, pointing to the elevator.

"Mr. Parker, I know we talked about it already, but I want to make sure the air is clear." Tony said. "When you came to clean last time, I thought you were- you know. But I don't want you to think it was a jab, or even some kind of projection. You're a very attractive young man, and I've been told that I come on a bit strong, at the best of times. I was hungover, and you were in my line of fire, I guess. I really hope that you'll forgive me, if I offended you in any way."

"And as for projecting, me asking you to work here is, in no way, me planning to harass you again. I don't want you to think that I asked you here in hopes of convincing you to sleep with me, because honestly, I asked for you specifically because you put me in my place last week, and I like

that in a person. Besides that, I meant what I said about spending the rest of your career trying to earn your forgiveness. I don't take sexual harassment lightly, and I don't intend to let myself go unchecked, whether it was unintentional or otherwise."

When Tony finished talking, Peter felt like he had a new understanding of the man. He was still a man-whore, no doubt, but he was a very respectable person, too.

"Couple things, firstly, you talk too much." Peter chuckled. "And second, I'd be lying if I said I didn't think this was all a bribe to avoid a scandal, but I believe you. I really do appreciate your apology, Mr. Stark. It's an honor to be working for you."

"Okay, enough mushy shit. Clean my dwellings, peasant, or you'll be executed for defying the king's orders." Tony cleared his throat.

Peter was relieved to see that his new boss spat on emotional responsibility almost as much as he did. He could appreciate someone who recognized when the time and place to be serious had passed.

"Yes sir." Peter laughed.

"Seriously, though, call me Tony." Tony said with a completely straight face.

Another hour later, Peter was finished cleaning. He liked this house, it was fancy and modern and there were no doubts whether or not it belonged to a billionaire, but it was also warm and comfortable and the younger man could definitely see the appeal to the *Tony Stark Aesthetic*.

"Hey, Jarvis. I'm finished up here, does Tony need to talk to me or am I good to leave?" Peter asked.

"Boss is currently on the phone and wishes to not be disturbed. You may take your leave, sir." Jarvis replied.

"Oh, okay. Thanks, buddy." Peter said.

"Anytime." Jarvis said.

And Peter seriously wondered if Jarvis was a real person that Tony had locked away somewhere.

He made it to MJ's apartment on time.

"Bow before me, fellow sluts, I have arrived." He says, making the most flamboyant entrance of his life.

"Shut up, come watch this tik tok of a cat snoring into a microphone." MJ says.

"Do you think cats can get sleep apnea?" Ned asks distantly.

"Wow y'all literally suck ass, give me attention." Peter whines.

"What? Did Stark not give you his hairless dick?" MJ snorts.

"No, he actually apologized again. Made some long speech about 'not taking sexual harassment

lightly' and how he wouldn't 'let himself go unchecked'." Peter explained. "Was kinda fucking hot, not gonna lie."

"Damn, Tony Stark is a social justice *daddy."* MJ says.

"And here I was ready to boycott." Ned laughs.

"He gassed me up too much, last time. I'm gonna expect to be complimented and called 'baby boy' every time I go over there now." Peter pouts. "Damn that cat is cute as fuck."

"Right?" Ned says.

The night was pretty much spent just like that, just like it always is. They bounce off of each other all night until they're all too tired to speak, which is when MJ says "Fuck you guys, I'm going to sleep." and the rest follow suit.

Peter wonders if he should wear his skimpiest shorts next week, or just blatantly start flirting with Tony. He decides on neither, and falls asleep.

Chapter 3

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Over the following week, Peter had time to perfect his flirting. It'd been a while, admittedly, and he felt like he'd been running hot and cold when it came to Tony.

He really hoped that their little misunderstanding hadn't ruined this for him. And obviously, he knew this was a terrible idea, because Tony was his fucking *boss*, but he was getting a little desperate.

Maybe it was because Tony seemed like he was uninterested after being so incredibly interested, before. Maybe Peter missed the way Tony looked at him when he thought Peter was there to sell him sex. Maybe he was being a tease, he didn't know, and honestly, he didn't care.

He just wanted Tony's eyes on him again. It was rash, he knew, but the attention was so hot and sweet and now that he knows that the older man has morals, his desire to be treated like a bit of a slut was amplified.

And Peter really was no stranger to dressing up, this wasn't new for him. He'd gotten detention in high school for wearing a fishnet crop top with a lace bralette underneath, so it's not like he's trying *that* hard to earn Tony's gaze.

But he has to admit, the black fishnets stockings he wore under his booty shorts and the black crochet tank top he wore today were definitely not his typical housekeeping getup.

Today was a later day than before, he didn't even arrive until three in the afternoon, and Peter hoped that would be the edge he needed.

When he brought up his cleaning equipment, he was an absolute bundle of nerves. Was *he* the creep now? How is this any better than the borderline harassment that he experienced two weeks ago? He started to regret it--wanted to put on a sweatshirt immediately. But Jarvis snapped him out of his thoughts.

"Hello Mr. Parker. Boss isn't here today, but he asked me to tell you that he would like 'the works' again, barring the lab." He said.

"Oh thank god. Thanks Jarvis." He said, adjusting his top.

He went around, cleaning the house like usual, until he reached Tony's bedroom. While he gathered the sheets to clean them, he heard Tony's voice.

"You feeling okay, Peter?" Tony's voice mused all throughout the room.

"Wh- wait what?" Peter's whole body tensed, suddenly feeling very exposed. This is what he wanted, he reminded himself, but his midriff felt very cold all of a sudden.

"It's sixty degrees out, Pete, what're you doing without a sweater?" The man said, and Peter could fucking *feel* the smirk in his voice.

" 's just a fashion statement, that's all." Peter mumbled, trying to wear the cute ass outfit with the confidence he felt when he picked it out.

"It's adorable, just let Jarvis know if you need the heat bumped up, okay?" The man said.

"Yeah, okay. Thanks Tony." Peter said, putting all the sheets in a basket.

"Of course. I'll be back in about an hour, I'll see you then." And then the line was silent.

Peter loaded all of the bedding into the washing machine and turned it on, before moving onto the towels. While he was cleaning, just like Tony suspected, he caught a shiver.

He thought about what Tony had said about the heat, but he had an idea that might be even better. "Hey Jarvis?" Peter said.

"Yes, Mr. Parker?"

"Do you think Tony would mind if I borrowed a sweatshirt?" Peter asked.

"Mr. Stark made it clear that you could help yourself to his amenities while he's away, I think it would be perfectly acceptable." Jarvis replied.

And so Peter went back into Tony's bedroom and opened up the closet, before making a show of taking his shirt off and replacing it with one of Tony's baggy grey sweatshirts.

He didn't know where the cameras were, but he was pretty sure that if Tony was watching, he saw exactly what Peter wanted him to see. And Peter knew how good he looked, engulfed in the soft, thick fabric that went down past his ass, looked like he was just wearing a sweatshirt and fishnets.

An hour later, Peter had put the bedding in the dryer and replaced them with the towels, and was bent over the tub scrubbing near the drain. He didn't hear Tony come in, but he felt his eyes.

"Mr. Stark, hi." Peter said after spinning around to see the man watching him. "Everything okay?"

"Yeah," The older man huffed. "Whatcha wearing?"

"Oh, I got cold. Jarvis said you wouldn't mind, so..." Peter trailed off, shrugging innocently, one shoulder of the shirt slipping down off his own. That part wasn't planned, but damn was it lucky.

"Yeah, it's fine. You hungry?" Tony said apathetically, walking away from the bathroom to set down his things.

"I- no, I'm good." Peter really thought that would work. The whole misunderstanding must have ruined any possible future where he'd get to do anything regarding Tony besides clean for him, the older man must just be too scared to make a move, or too respectful to think that Peter wanted him to.

"You sure? I'm making chicken alfredo and it's pretty good, if I do say so myself." Tony says.

"Maybe when I'm done with the bathroom." Peter says.

He rinsed the shower out and refilled the soap dispenser before replacing the sheets with the towels and making Tony's bed.

When he came out, the older man was standing at the stove, a delicious smell wafting through the main room. "That smells really good." Peter chuckled.

"I told you," Tony said. "Would you mind pulling the garlic bread out of the oven?"

"Sure." Peter said, walking into the kitchen behind Tony and putting on an oven mitten. "So what's the occasion? Or do you eat like this every night?"

"No occasion, I just like good food and I'm too old to eat out every night." Tony replied, skirting around Peter to grab a different spoon.

"That's a thing?" Peter asked with a raised brow, carefully setting the pan on a potholder that was laid out.

"Yeah, doctors are always yelling at old fellas like me about heart disease and hypertension and diabetes." Tony rambled on. "I think it's stupid, but I plan to live to be three hundred, so I figure I'll listen to the pros."

They do that for another ten minutes, dancing around each other in a terrifying pretend game of domesticity while preparing dinner.

"So it's just you?" Peter says after a while.

"Hm?" Tony quips.

"You cook a beautiful meal and pour fancy wine and set the table for one, it's all just for you?" Peter asks, carrying the pot of pasta to the table and placing it down on another potholder.

"Did you spot a lover that I didn't know about while you were cleaning? Which reminds me..." Tony chuckled, going to grab another place setting for Peter.

"I just mean, I don't know. No date? Or escort or- I don't know, sugar baby? It's always just you?" Peter expands, sitting down at the table with his glass of water.

Tony laughed. "Just me. I don't know, sometimes I have dinner with a friend, but there aren't many of those. And sure, I'll go out on a date or have some company, but nobody who sticks around for dinner, that's for sure."

Peter hums. "How about I'll stay for dinner on nights when I work? I know you offered before, and god knows I need friends who aren't Gen Z."

"I'd like that." Tony smiles at him before they dig into their dinner.

It's nice, much nicer than what Peter was figuring his afternoon would end with. He decides to push it out of his mind, the failed seduction, because this- seeing what Tony's like as a friend, is pretty fucking rewarding.

He helps Tony clean up dinner, puts the towels away from the dryer and leaves their short-lived game of 'house', in the safe place where it belongs, until he can play again.

And he has every intention of doing just that.

Chapter End Notes

it's not over, I just like to end with dramatics lol

Chapter 4

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Now that Peter knew that he could wear anything to clean Tony's penthouse, he decided to just wear whatever he felt most comfortable in. No pressure to dress scantily or modestly, no fear of judgment or persuasion. He was contractually obligated to clean the man's house, but the friendship was entirely up to them.

By the time the following week came around, Peter had grown increasingly excited to see Tony, which was almost as embarrassing as it was strange. MJ thought it was just because Peter still held out hope for getting laid because "it's obvious to everyone involved that you want that hairless sugar daddy dick". But Peter didn't necessarily want to have sex with Tony, not right now, at least.

He'd thought a lot about the previous week at Tony's, thought about their meal together and their banter and the genuine conversation they'd had and Peter felt like he craved that more than anything, including sex. He craved the platonic intimacy and mutual respect and it really was unlike anything Peter had experienced before.

Obviously, he'd had friends, great friends, he just figures the difference was Tony's age or the way they met- mainly that they didn't meet in high school. They met as two adults and an uncomfortable interaction somehow produced, what Peter felt was a really special friendship.

"Hey Jarvis." Peter quipped when he pressed the ninety button in the elevator.

"Hello Mr. Parker, lovely to see you again. How has your afternoon been?" Jarvis replied.

"It's been great, thanks for asking buddy."

"Of course, sir. Mr. Stark is in his lab, I will inform him of your arrival."

When Peter walked into the living room from the elevator, he thought that Jarvis would be the last person he ever spoke to, because what felt like a massive earthquake rattled beneath him.

"Mr. Stark?" Peter yelled, getting back in the elevator and pressing the ninety one button repeatedly until the doors closed.

When they opened, there was a cloud settling over the room and a tall, slim robot spraying Tony with a fire extinguisher.

"Dum-e! That's enough, stop." The man coughed.

"Mr. Stark? Are you okay?" Peter asked, staying in the elevator, because why the hell should they both die?

"Oh," Tony coughed again. "Hey Pete, yeah just a minor explosion. Don't worry."

"So, do you finally need me to clean your lab?" Peter smirked.

"Yeah, I need you to help me dispose of a big, stupid robot body after I murder it." He said, looking pointedly at the robot holding the fire extinguisher, who hummed a surprisingly sad noise in

response.

"O-kay," Peter drawled. "I'll leave you two to work out your marital problems in peace."

Peter went back to the main floor and started cleaning. Tony had more clothes than usual that needed actual washing, rather than dry-cleaning, so he got started on that and moved onto the rest of his chores.

He thought a lot about what Tony did, regarding work. He knew the man was an incredibly successful engineer, but seeing him in his workspace was always a bit strange, like he'd imposed on the most important thing in the older man's life. He started wondering if that was why he only had a couple of friends, why he was single in his forties, why he always wanted Peter to stay after he'd finished cleaning.

Tony Stark, lonely. He'd begged for, what he thought was, an escort's company at noon on a weekday, and he ate a quiet, intimate meal with that same not-escort just a week later. Peter felt his heart being tugged on incessantly, he felt sad for the man, wanted him to know that Peter wasn't just here because he had to be, but because he felt a real friendship growing between them.

"Hey Jarvis?" Peter said about an hour later, while mopping the bathroom floor.

"Yes, sir?"

"Is there any way you can keep Tony in his lab for another couple hours? I'd like to surprise him with something nice, and I need your help to keep it a secret." Peter asked.

"It would be my pleasure."

Two hours later, it was just after six o'clock, and Peter had almost finished roasting a whole chicken, complete with rosemary potatoes and garlic braised asparagus. It was the only nice meal he knew how to cook, he'd made it for May on Mother's Day last year and it was a huge hit. He wasn't necessarily surprised that Jarvis could get him all the ingredients on such short notice, but he was definitely impressed.

"Mr. Parker, boss is getting increasingly angry with me for stalling." Jarvis said as Peter was setting the meal on the table.

"Almost done, what do you think, J, would candles be too romantic?" Peter asked.

"Yes, sir. Candles typically signify romance and intimacy."

"Right, no candles, thanks buddy. What wine goes with rosemary chicken?"

"Sauvignon Blanc, sir."

"You're a life saver, Jarvis." Peter sighed while picking through the wine selection that Tony had and setting it in an ice bucket. "Okay, release the captor."

About thirty seconds passed before the elevator opened.

"Peter, what the hell are you-" Tony's expression softened when he saw Peter standing beside the tableful of food.

"I wanted to do something nice, to thank you for all the bonuses and the job and stuff." Peter said. *For letting me be your friend*, he thought to himself.

"You sappy son of a bitch." Tony chuckled, a smile seemingly glued onto his face. "J, were you in on this?"

"Yes, sir. I was lookout, as it were." Jarvis replied.

"You do a lot for me and all I do is clean your house, I wanted to do something else, something special." Peter explained, staring at his feet.

He wondered if it was too much, if he should've just ordered them takeout and said 'thanks I guess', but this isn't Ned or MJ or some silly college date, this was Tony. And Tony had grown to mean a lot to him over the past three weeks.

The fear of rejection dissipated as if it were air when Tony came up and hugged him. Peter figured that if the man were ever to hug him, it would be some one-arm bullshit or maybe some kind of fake seduction tactic, but when the older man pulled him in tight to his chest and squeezed, Peter felt his stomach drop as his mind raced. *Just friends just friends just friends.*

"Thank you, Peter. It smells amazing, let's eat, yeah?" Tony huffed, the closest to speechless that Peter had ever seen him.

And so they stuffed themselves with good food and great conversation and wonderful company. Peter wondered if Tony felt as close to him right now as he did, if he felt the intimacy and comfortable warmth in his chest, if he would keep Peter as a friend if he didn't clean his house.

"Hey, Peter?" Tony said when they were washing the dishes. "Did you really just do all this to say thanks for a job?"

"Not really, no." Peter said softly.

The conversation stopped after that, but the evening didn't.

They went up to the chilled autumn rooftop and watched planes fly above their head, a comfortable silence present, only broken by short jokes and soft sighs, and if Tony's pinky brushed against Peter's when he pointed at a star, then neither of them would mention it.

When Peter went home, this time, he sealed the evening with another hug and a lingering glance into Tony's eyes. A silent promise that their friendship was as mutually beneficial as their arrangement, and Peter would be back to clean and play their game of domesticity again, next week.

Chapter End Notes

still not over I swear I'm just a fucking drama queen

Chapter 5

A few days after Peter cooked dinner for Tony he came down with the flu, it was almost November, so it was bound to happen. But the cleaning service sent Karen during his absence, a cute perky blonde with endless legs and Peter found himself irrationally jealous. He imagined them weaving around each other in the kitchen and her dressing provocatively to get a rise out of the older man and watching planes together, he doesn't want Tony to have a new housekeeper because he, selfishly, doesn't want Tony to have a new friend.

It was still so young and fresh and Peter was already worried that their friendship meant more to him than it did to Tony, so logically the chances are slim, but in Peter's mind, his absence has already burned a hole through their friendship.

It wouldn't be so bad if he had any way to personally contact Tony, but he doesn't, and so he lays in bed for ten days worrying about whether Karen is nice to Jarvis, or whether she knows that Tony is secretly fragile, or whether she knows that she has to snake the bathroom drain because Tony shaves his dick like a high school sophomore.

But he's back today, and he's beyond excited because he just flat out *missed* it, he missed the penthouse and Tony and Jarvis and he wonders if he's neurotic but he doesn't even care because he's back today.

"Mr. Parker, it's good to have you back. How are you feeling?" Jarvis says when Peter presses the ninety button.

"Jarvis! It's good to be back buddy, I'm feeling a lot better, thanks for asking." Peter replies. "Is Tony in his lab?"

"Yes sir."

Peter decides to go ahead and hit the ninety two button and go see Tony.

"Tony?" Peter says as he walks out of the elevator, Tony hunched over a project, humming in response.

He definitely expected a happier greeting than that.

"Are- um, are you okay?" He says, taking a step forward.

"The tub drain is clogged, fix it please." Tony says, never looking up at Peter.

"Oh, okay, yeah. Sorry to bug you." Peter waits a second for something, anything. Maybe a 'oh no you could never bother me!' or even an 'it's fine Peter' but all he gets is radio silence. So Peter cleans, he cleans like it was the only reason he came.

He does all the laundry, he tidies, he scrubs, he unclogs the drain, he even cleans the oven and asks Jarvis to replace the expired milk in the fridge.

Three hours later, it's six o'clock and Tony is just coming up while Peter is vacuuming the sofa with a special attachment.

He turns off the vacuum just in time to hear Tony ordering chinese. Peter unplugs the vacuum and wraps the cable around the hooks, staring at Tony, trying to get a read on him, but he doesn't even look at him.

Twenty minutes later, the food has arrived and they're sitting in silence, eating on the couch.

"I had the flu." Peter almost-whispers.

Tony hums in apathetic acknowledgement.

"I was going to text you but I don't have your phone number."

Tony nods.

It's like that until they're almost done eating and Peter can't take it anymore, he's clearly done something, and he feels like this arrangement isn't working anymore, why did he even order dinner for two if Tony didn't want him here? Nothing makes sense and Peter feels sick. "Tony?"

Tony hums.

"Would you like Karen to be your permanent housekeeper, instead?"

Tony's eyes snap up but he doesn't say anything.

"I- something is wrong, I can see that. I'm thinking I pushed you a little too far, last time I was here? Maybe I was inappropriate or something, but we can get you someone else."

Tony's eyes are glazed over, like he's looking at Peter but seeing something else, completely. He finally shakes his head and makes eye contact. "She's not as good of a housekeeper."

"I can teach her, if that's the problem, sir. I don't want you to be uncomfortable, and I definitely feel like I've crossed a boundary, so thank you for dinner. I'll- I'm gonna go, Mr. Stark." Peter says, voice cracking at the end. *Shit*.

"Peter." Tony says.

"Yes sir?"

"Leave your number on the fridge, I'll call you when I'm okay again."

Fuck. He wasn't being ignored because he messed up, Tony was hurting, so much that it sounded painful to get that sentence out. He'd been so self-absorbed and worried that he'd done something, he didn't notice that what was happening was exactly what Peter wanted to be prepared for- the moment when Tony needed him.

Peter turned back towards Tony and sat back down on the couch. They sat like that in silence, Peter just being there, like he should've been before. Before they knew it, it was eleven at night.

Peter took Tony's hand and helped him off the couch, linking their arms and walking to his bedroom. Peter took off the man's shoes and socks, giving him a cautious look before nudging his arms up and lifting his shirt off for him.

"Lay down, Tony." Peter whispered, and then carefully unbuttoned Tony's jeans, sliding them off and placing all the clothes in the basket. He went to the dresser and pulled out the softest pair of sweats in the drawer and knelt down in front of him, threading his feet through the pant legs and nudging them up past his thighs.

"Get comfy, okay?" He whispered before pulling the covers up to the man's chin and sitting at the foot of the bed until he could hear soft snores, at which point he quietly left the room and his number stuck to the front of Tony's phone on a post-it.

Two days later, Peter shows up again, just to make sure Tony wasn't dying of dehydration. He presses the ninety button.

"Hey, Jarvis? I'm just here to check on Tony, do you think that's okay?"

"Yes, Mr. Parker." Jarvis replies.

"Where is he?"

"Mr. Stark is currently asleep on the sofa."

Peter frowns as the doors open and he sees Tony sprawled out on the sofa surrounded by empty bottles, wearing the same clothes he was in when Peter left two days ago. All the shades are drawn, so it's almost completely dark, even though it's just after noon. "Hey J, can you lift those shades please?" Peter whispers.

Tony groans and shields his eyes from the light. Peter goes to the kitchen and grabs a trash bag, throwing away all the bottles, including the half-empty one that the man is holding to his chest. "Hey," Tony says, reaching out for the bottle. "I wasn't done with that one."

"Nope, it was empty, I checked." Peter lied, Tony only groaning again in response.

"Jarvis, when did Tony last consume something that wasn't liquor?" Peter asks.

"Yesterday morning, sir." Jarvis replies.

"Can you get me some boneless chicken breasts, please? And some rice." Peter asks while wiping up spilled booze with a paper towel.

"Yes sir."

"I should've never given you full access, why the fuck did I do that?" Tony grumbles while Peter is throwing the paper towel away.

"Because I am an amazing friend," Peter retorts, filling a glass with water and bringing it to Tony. "Now drink."

"I hate you." Tony says while he gulps down the water.

"Bullshit. Come on, you need a shower." Peter says.

"What, you're gonna bathe me too?" Tony spits.

"I don't know, do I need to?" Peter asks with a harsh but genuine tone.

"Maybe just sit there with me, so I don't drown." Tony mumbles after a pause.

"Okay, Jarvis let me know when the groceries get here, please." Peter says, steadying Tony as he

gets up and walking him to the bathroom.

Peter makes a point of looking away while Tony undresses himself, only looking at him to catch him when he stumbles or take the clothes that Tony is handing him. He only slips in the shower once and Peter has the shower curtain open and his hands around the man's biceps before he even hits the floor of the shower.

As if it were fate, Tony is wrapped in a towel, standing in his bedroom when Jarvis tells them the groceries are here.

Peter tells Jarvis to keep and eye on Tony while he cooks, just baking the chicken with a few spices and cooking the rice the same.

When the rice is almost done, Tony comes out of his room fully dressed, his hair still wild, but his eyes looking significantly more conscious than before.

"There he is, you feeling better?" Peter asked.

"Feeling fucking embarrassed. Why the hell did you do all that?" Tony asks.

"I already told you, dipshit, I'm a fantastic friend." Peter says matter-of-factly. "You needed me and so I was here, I couldn't give any less of a fuck whether you wanted me here or not. You were twenty four hours away from drowning on your own vomit, so."

They're quiet for a minute, Peter's filling up Tony's water cup again and handing it to him.

"Why are you so good at it?" Tony asks.

Peter shrugs. "My uncle died when I was in high school, my aunt didn't cope very well at first."

Tony nods and takes a deep breath like he's building to something.

"The day you were suppose to come," he starts. "It was the anniversary of my parent's death. And- well nobody told me you weren't coming, so I was waiting at the elevator with a stupid plan to thank you for thanking me for thanking you, and this girl walks out."

"I thought that you just left, I guess, and it was a bad day already, obviously. I didn't know if or when you were coming back and your aunt wouldn't give me your info, so I guess the timing was just really bad. I don't know, I'm not blaming you, obviously, I know that's how it sounds, I just want you to know that I'm sorry, I guess that I was such a wreck."

Peter had already moved beside Tony, rubbing his back. "I'm so sorry, Tony. I had no idea that anything was happening with you until it was already too late. You'd be surprise by how many people want your phone number on the internet, I know because I checked to see if it was on there."

"It's not on you, I was in a bad headspace and it was amplified because I projected it onto you not being here when I thought you'd be. Co-dependancy at its finest." Tony said.

"I'm here now," Peter said, resting his head on the man's shoulder. "I'll still be your best friend even though I've seen you naked, don't worry."

Tony laughs. "Twice, basically."

"I mean I already knew you shaved your pubes, so what's a look-see or two." Peter says and Tony gawks.

"You little prick." Tony says.

"Shut up, you love me." Peter laughs, walking around the island to plate up some food, almost missing Tony whisper "Yeah."

Peter knows he's probably enabling Tony by being at his beck and call when he already admitted to having some dependency issues, but it's not like he can just leave, and it's not like he wants to. He doesn't care, he doesn't care if it's unhealthy, he cares for Tony and wants to help, so he's going to do it.

Peter remembers when his uncle died, and he wanted to lay in bed and cry forever, he wanted to do what Tony does, but he had school and he had to care for May and then when the grief came pouring out of him, because obviously it did, Ned and MJ were there to catch the fallout. That's what Peter is doing for Tony, just catching some fallout.

They eat together in a much more comfortable quiet, today, than they did last time, and it's nice to know that dinner invites and housekeeping aren't mutually exclusive.

He never expected their game of house to be all airplanes and mistaken identity, he knew, at least for himself, when he became friends with Tony that this was for real, and now that he knows that Tony feels the same way, he intends to keep this permanent.

Chapter 6

Chapter Notes

Can I get uhhh Tony POV

So much monologue oh well

Tony woke up with a weeks worth of hangover in one morning, recalling everything with vivid clarity. Peter helping him out of his clothes, Peter sobering him up, their long intimate conversation, and most of all, why it had all happened.

Tony hadn't hired Peter out of guilt or pruriency, although there was no debate against whether or not he found the young man attractive, but he'd hired him because he had edge, he didn't crumble when Tony barked an order at him in a moment of weakness, he stood straighter and molded his body language to say 'respect me', like he wouldn't accept anything less.

Of course he wanted him, he had to swallow his own lust when he saw Peter in his MIT sweatshirt with seemingly nothing underneath besides fishnets, but then they had an actual conversation, their first dinner and Peter peered into his psyche as if it weren't a landfill of self-deprecation and loathing. And suddenly Peter's mind was on display, proudly, like he saw what he wanted and decided it was his--not too unlike himself, in that regard. But what he wanted was Tony, or Tony's friendship, rather. And who was he to argue?

And Peter made the move to show him that he cared, which was new. The younger man cooked him dinner and looked at him like there was a light shining from within him and he was the only person who'd ever seen it. And then they watched airplanes, standing too close and too far and too everything. Tony decided that was it, he had to make sure that Peter knew, knew that his heart was on display, no matter how ugly. He didn't care if things stayed like this forever, or if he would get to call Peter his own someday, he just needed him in his life.

The week after their special dinner, Tony stood in front of the elevator holding a rose and running over a speech in his head- if Peter was gonna be a sap then Tony would be the whole fucking maple tree. It wasn't an easy day for him, the anniversary of his parent's death, but knowing he would be seeing a bright smile on Peter's face made everything else seem fuzzy and distant. He heard the elevator running, heard it stop, and took a deep breath.

It was three days before he left his lab. His chest felt concave, like he'd torn out the innards and tossed them aside. He'd called the cleaning service and the lady told him that Peter had fallen ill, and Tony felt even worse, firstly for thinking Peter would leave without a word, and secondly for being so affected by it. He'd asked for Peter's information and was denied, he decided not to invade his privacy by finding it himself, surprising himself with his resolve.

But then after four more days of moping, Peter stood in his lab, excited and eager and Tony cracked. He couldn't, couldn't handle the idea of being so attached, couldn't handle needing Peter the way he did, it was all too much. And when he saw Peter falter in his peripheral vision, and felt his knee-jerk reaction almost take over--*I would give up everything I've ever had if it meant never seeing you frown like this*--he had to stop, he had to.

So he sent Peter to work, pretending that he hadn't spent the last week in tears over a man he'd known for a month, and then Peter just stood there, like he was begging him to change his mind and pull him into a hug and promise him fucking everything. But Tony said nothing, he did nothing, he just watched Peter's shoulders slump as he went back into the elevator and hurt as he hurt.

Tony had every intention to just let it be, just let Peter be his housekeeper and let himself be worthless but when the younger man looked at him with the reflection of his own broken heart in his eyes, asking if he wanted that ditzy blonde back, he felt like his sinuses were on fire.

And then he called him Mr. Stark again, his voice cracking open and flooding the living room with pain and Tony couldn't let this happen, couldn't let Peter walk out knowing he didn't actually want to.

"I'll call you when I'm okay again."

It was uncharacteristic of him to say that he wasn't okay and to nonverbally plead for help. And for some reason, saying it aloud busted a hole through his exterior, like the pent up *everything* was pressing so hard on his insides that it made him stiff and all Peter had to do was walk into his life with a pin and then everything was so raw and unprotected and painfully present.

But then Peter was there, more than Tony ever thought he had the capacity to allow, and hearing him exist lulled him to sleep that night. Waking up to see he had left was not a surprise and should not have affected him, but none of this should have affected him, and yet.

Tony started drinking that very next morning, he saw the post-it on his phone and ignored it, he had already picked his vice and he wasn't going to replace it with Peter. He spent the day guzzling liquor and barking insults at Jarvis when he tried to cut him off. He should've had alcohol poisoning by the time Peter showed up, and there were moments that he wish he did.

He wasn't fully conscious, but he was fully aware of his surroundings, of Peter bringing him to the shower, steadying him when he stumbled, holding his filthy clothes, catching him before he hit the floor of the shower. Tony wished he could view these things as poetic, but he knows that there was nothing beautiful about the scotch seeping from his pores into the steam of the shower. He knew the bathroom smelled like a fucking distillery by the time he was done, but if Peter noticed, he didn't say anything.

And then Peter was cooking him dinner, a healthy, bland dinner to make sure he sobered up properly and Tony could feel his heart growing back, the concavity of his chest slowly rising up to be flush with the rest of him. Tony worried again, that he cared too much.

When Peter told him about his aunt, the facade split down the middle. No more. No more bullshit, no more faking, no fucking more.

He told Peter about what had happened, about his parents, about his plans for when Peter stepped out of the elevator, breathing a mental sigh of relief when Peter didn't ask about his speech. He doesn't know if he's concerned or comforted by Peter's lack of judgment regarding his co-dependency, so he goes with both.

And then Peter was cracking jokes like nothing happened, easing Tony back into the world like it was second nature, already. Tony was hooked, he couldn't deny it anymore. Peter is everything, Peter is everything, Peter is everything.

"You're a pretty good cook." Tony said, sipping his water after their meal.

"Yeah, I can cook a few things, nothing too fancy besides the roasted chicken, that's kind of my go-to." Peter chuckles.

"I'll have to teach you how to sear a steak, you'll need that if you're really going to woo me." Tony smirks. *Back to normal.*

"Would I really be wooing you if you taught me how?" Peter asks. "Kind of defeats the purpose."

"Not everything has to be a surprise, Peter. That first dinner, when I cooked for you, plenty of woo." Tony says, Peter's jaw dropping in faux revelation.

"You flatter, Mister Stark." He says, drawling out a goofy southern flapper accent, pretending to fan himself.

Tony laughs and flicks a forkful of rice at Peter's face, startling him out of his seat. He glares facetiously before grumbling, "If I weren't a housekeeper you'd be fucked" and crawling under the table to clean up the rice that fell off his lap.

"Pete, hey I made the mess, I can clean it up." Tony says, standing up and bending down beside Peter.

"Doesn't that kind of defeat the purpose of me *being* your housekeeper?" He smiles.

"That's not why I keep you around and you know it." Tony admits, holding eye contact.

Peter stares, face emotionless for a moment, eyes flickering to different parts of Tony's face, as if looking for an indication as to what that means. He goes to stand up suddenly and bumps his head against the table, cracking up and letting out a laugh.

Tony follows suit, helping Peter out from under the table and walking him over to the couch. "Are you okay?"

"Yeah, luckily all *your* pride flew out the window when I mentioned the pubes, so I think my ego is unscathed." He smirks.

"Wow, even concussed you're a little spitfire." Tony laughs.

"Oh, especially when I'm concussed, I'm at least fifty times funnier when I'm injured." He jokes. "I'm telling you, I have to die in a horribly violent way so that I'm the funniest ghost in history."

"Okay, Casper, let's get some ice on your gigantic head so you don't die of a bumped noggin." Tony says, pulling an ice pack out of the freezer.

"You did not just call my gorgeous head a *noggin*." Peter retorts. "Are you secretly seventy?"

"Have you seen my body?" Tony raises an eyebrow, plopping the icepack on Peter's head and joining him on the couch.

"I don't know, sir, have you seen mine?" Peter flutters his eyelashes.

"You're gonna get yourself in trouble with that someday." Tony chuckles, shaking his head.

"I already did, remember my first day *daddy*?" Peter cackles.

"If you weren't concussed I would strangle you right now." Tony laughs with a shocked look on his face.

"Is that a promise, daddy?" Peter asks in an innocent voice.

He really hopes this doesn't become a thing, but he knows he'll be a bit disappointed if it doesn't.

"Have you found me a new nickname?" Tony smiles at the incessant force beside him.

"All best friends have nicknames, didn't you know that?" Peter asks.

"You're a little shit, Peter Parker." He chuckles fondly.

"And what does that make you, Tony?" Peter asks, an eyebrow quirked up. *Daddy*.

"It's getting late, I should probably get to bed, sleep off the rest of this booze."

Peter's expression went serious within a split second. "Do you need me?" *Always*.

"I think I'll be okay, you've worked harder than necessary today."

"It's no problem, I wasn't working. Please, call me if anything goes wrong." Peter says, patting the top of Tony's hand and heaving up off the couch.

Tony knows, knows he's fallen for Peter, knows he's got himself a friend for life, knows he still needs to clean up the rice.

But when he wakes up, that hangover pounding in his ears, the rice dried and stuck to the floor, the ice pack having left a wet spot on the couch from where it was left the night before, the first thing he does is call the cleaning service to ask for his housekeeper to be put on a more frequent schedule.

Chapter 7

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

"No, we aren't fucking oh my god." Peter drops his head onto May's desk where they're sat across from each other.

"Peter, you know I support you no matter what. So there's some age difference, big deal, look at George Clooney, I just don't want it getting in the way of my company." May says, shrugging.

"*May*," Peter groans. "We aren't having sex, we're friends. He needed a friend and I want to be his friend, that's it."

"Friendship is the reason he's asking for you to come every other day? Do you think I'm fucking dense, Peter?"

"Oh my god, I don't know, are you? I swear to god, I am not having sex with Tony Stark." Peter says, exasperated.

"But you want to be?" May asks.

"And *that* is none of your goddamned business. Is this meeting over? Because I'm already ten minutes late." Peter says with a huff as he stands up.

"Peter."

He sighs. "Yes?"

"Don't go getting your heart broken, okay honey?" May says, clearly shifting from boss to aunt.

"I won't. I love you May, but I've really gotta go." He says, giving her a peck on the cheek and running out the door.

"Are you sure those leggings are warm enough? It's suppose to flurry tonight." She shouts as he's leaving.

"Bye." He yells.

His phone rings when he gets in the car.

"MJ, I'm really late for work, I can't talk for long." He says as he starts driving.

"Cool, I don't care. Why did May just text me asking if you're fucking Tony?" She asks.

Peter drops his forehead against the steering wheel. "Oh my god, I literally just told her I wasn't like thirty seconds ago."

"Okay, but are you?" She asks.

"*No*," he groans. "We are friends, just friends."

"So are we but you and I both know I was the best lay of your life." MJ says.

"First of all, that's not true. Second, it's not like that. I really enjoy his company, like a lot. I don't know, I care about him." Peter says.

The line is silent for a few seconds. "You fucking love him." She whispers.

"What? Wait, slow down-"

"You love him, oh my god." She interrupts.

"Stop it, MJ, I don't even know *how* I love him, it's like-"

"Hey Peter?" She interrupts again.

"What?"

"*You're being a fucking pussy*," She screams into the microphone. "Whip your dick out and tell him you love him, I don't care if you love him as a friend or a lover or just a nice hairless notch in your bedpost, quit being a *bitch* and tell him you love him."

"I've known him for a month, you dick. I can't just waltz into his penthouse and tell him I love him." Peter says, nearing the parking garage.

"You're right, you can't do that." MJ says in a serious tone.

"Exactly, I just-"

"*Because you're a fucking pussy*." She yells again.

"You suck, like as a person, you suck." He says, laughing.

"Yeah, but I'm also right." She says.

"I'm here, so I'll talk to you later. Love you, slut."

"Love you too, pussy bitch." She says with a kissy noise.

"Mr. Parker, lovely to see you, are you keeping warm?" Jarvis says after Peter hits the ninety button.

"Hey Jarvis, I'm warm enough, how's Tony doing?" Peter asks.

"He is doing significantly better."

"That's good, is he in the lab?" Peter asks, finger hovering the ninety one button.

"Yes sir."

When the elevator dings open, Tony's standing with his back facing him and he's wearing headphones. Of course, Peter thinks, this must be taken advantage of.

Peter's not sure if their friendship is there yet, but he impulsively thinks that this is one way to find out.

He sneaks up behind Tony and grabs a handful of asscheek, the older man practically jumps out of his skin with a yelp and Peter falls to the floor cackling.

"You little shit, oh my god." Tony says with a huff of laughter, bending down and digging his fingers into Peter's sides, making him flail around the floor, laughing. "You wanna sneak up on me like that? Two can play at that game, baby." He teases.

Tony stops tickling him and stands up to let Peter catch his breath, looking down to where the younger man's lavender knit sweater is hiked up his belly, he bends back down and tugs it down, gently to cover the skin of his midriff.

Peter's still panting, and he can feel a deep flush enveloping his cheeks, replacing what was left behind by the cold air outside. He sits up, reaching out a hand for Tony to help him up to his feet. "I should probably go clean. By the way, you do know that you're not messy enough to need me every other day, right?"

"I promise you, I am." Tony says, eyes flickering back and forth from Peter's own. Peter hears it, what Tony meant, and he gets what it means. "Besides, you always find something to clean anyway, right?"

Peter falters for a second. "Yeah, sure. The windows could use a clean and your drain is probably clogged again, if we're being honest here." He laughs, heading to the elevator.

"Hang on, Peter?" Tony says.

"Yeah?"

"Why were you so late?" He asks.

"Oh- oh god. You won't believe this shit, May is completely convinced that we're fucking." Peter laughs. "Like, she called you George Clooney. She spent twenty minutes chewing me out over it, and then I left and she *immediately* texted MJ that we're fucking, like I hadn't just told her that we aren't."

Tony's smiling, a soft chuckle falling from his lips. "You're right, pretty crazy though. Especially given that I tried incredibly hard to do just that, when we first met." He says. "Maybe they're just worried that I'm still trying."

"No, I promise, I made it abundantly clear that you're a perfect gentleman." Peter grins, walking over to Dum-E to give him a pet.

"Peter, he's not a dog." Tony laughs.

"You're right, he's even sweeter, aren't you buddy?" Peter says in a baby voice before clearing his throat and straightening his back. "I'm gonna go clean now."

By the time Peter goes back to the main floor and looks out the window, everything is white. "Shit, Jarvis! Tell Tony to open his creepy dungeon shades and look outside." He says urgently, a few seconds later the elevator starts whirring.

"Fuck, Peter, did you know about this?" Tony says, coming up next to him and looking out the window.

"No, it was just suppose to flurry, there wasn't suppose to be a fucking blizzard."

"Okay, well you're not driving in this, it's already getting dark." Tony says, watching snow fall from the sky.

"Our first sleepover?" Peter sighs in faux disappointment. "I guess I'd be fine with that."

Tony smirks at him, rolling his eyes. "I guess it's a good thing I was planning to teach you how to sear a steak tonight, we're stocked up on groceries."

"Damn, I was expecting Oscar Mayers and hot chocolate." Peter grins.

They stand there, watching out the window, elbows brushing together for a few minutes. Tony leans a bit closer and drapes his arm around Peter's shoulder, so he nuzzles into the older man's armpit, leaning his head on his chest. The intimacy sends a shiver up Peter's spine.

"Are you cold, Pete?" Tony asks.

"No, I'm comfy. Wanna sit?" He replies.

"Yeah, c'mere." Tony says, slipping his hand from Peter's shoulder, down to his wrist and gripping it softly.

They plop down on the sofa, Tony immediately pulling the younger man back into his side, Peter instinctively snuggling in close, his head finding Tony's chest like it was made for him. Tony is still holding his wrist, Peter playing with his fingers before pulling them close to his own chest.

"MJ thinks I love you." Peter says, barely audible.

"Does she, now?" Tony whispers back.

"Yeah." He says. "Told her I don't know how yet, so I shouldn't tell you."

"That's okay, no rush." Tony says softly.

Peter hums, playing with the hem of the older man's shirt.

Peter looks up at him. "Hey Tony?"

"Yeah Peter?" He says.

"You said you had a speech for me, when- before everything. Can I hear it now?"

Tony huffs out a humorless laugh. "Was wondering when you'd ask about that, you're too smart for me to avoid, aren't you?"

"Yeah, obviously." Peter grins.

"I think it should wait, okay?" Tony says, closing his eyes and laying his head against the back of the sofa.

"Wait until..." Peter trails off.

"Until you know how." Tony whispers.

It takes Peter a minute to grasp what he meant, and by the time he does there are soft snores

coming from Tony's mouth.

The speech is about love? Peter thought it was a thanks for thanking me for thanking you, not a poem about Tony loving- did he love Peter? Is that what he's saying? His mind starts racing because Tony might love him back, Tony might have even loved him *first,* and Peter doesn't know what to do with that information.

He thinks about waking him up, begging him to give him the speech, begging Tony to love him, but he lets him sleep.

Peter slips out of Tony's embrace and goes to the kitchen to get a glass of water because *Tony might love me* won't stop running through his head. He's flustered and nervous and a little bit excited but he can't get himself to settle.

He goes into the bathroom, giving himself a minute to calm down. Maybe Tony meant the other way, maybe he only loves Peter as a friend, or just sexually, so he wants to wait to say the speech until Peter knows how he loves him. Which- if Peter loves him as in like *love*, and Tony only wants to get his dick wet, that would be fucking awkward, but if Peter just loves him sexually and Tony loves Peter romantically then-

He can't handle it, he needs to make his mind shut the fuck up for a minute. He takes off his clothes and runs a cold shower, jumping in and letting the shocking temperature cool him down. He needs to read Tony better, because he'd rather have Tony as a friend than not at all.

He hears a knock on the door. "Come in." He says instinctively, forgetting he's not at MJ's or Ned's. "Fuck, I mean-"

"Hey," He hears on the other side of the curtain. "Sorry I fell asleep, are you okay?"

"Y-yeah, I'm good." Peter says, standing directly under the water.

"Are you taking a cold shower, Pete?" Tony asks, voice laced with concern.

"Yeah, I just needed to cool down." Peter rushes his words.

"Are you feeling sick again?" Tony asks, voice growing closer.

"I had a boner!" Peter sputters out, facepalming.

"Oh-*oh*," He drawls, and there isn't water in the world cold enough to settle the blush on Peter's cheeks. "Sorry, I'll let you get back to it. Shout if you need anything."

Peter hears the door close and lets out the breath he didn't know he was holding.

Shout if you need anything? What does that mean? That if Peter had a boner he'd want to help? No, if he wanted to help he wouldn't have left, he would've made a move. Peter's not some virginal teenager, he's been in relationships, albeit petty ones, but Tony is driving him fucking crazy.

He shuts off the water and gets out, wrapping a towel around his hips and walking out of the bathroom. He can feel eyes on him when he goes to Tony's room and throws on some underwear and a sweatshirt, not even bothering with pants because none of them would fit him.

He walks back into the living room to see Tony scrolling through social media. "Oh," he says once

he realizes Peter is there. "That was fast."

Peter rolls his eyes. "I wasn't- never mind. Sorry about all that."

"Hey, it's okay, nothing to worry about. No judgment here, okay?" Tony says.

"Okay, I guess. Hey, wanna teach me to cook steak?" Peter perks up, starting to get hungry.

"Sure." Tony chuckles, heaving up off the couch.

Peter learns about steak, learns about Tony loving him in *some* way, learns about what bullshit flurries are, and learns that once again, MJ was fucking right.

Chapter End Notes

this chapter was insanely long so I split the snow-day chapter into 2 parts
unfortunately that means this chapter is 99% filler
the second part will be out in the morning and that's where we get into the good stuff

Chapter 8

Chapter Notes

part 2

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The pair have steak with sautéed mushrooms and garlic mashed potatoes for dinner, significantly more luxurious than any snow-day meal Peter's ever had.

"What do you think you would've paid for that in a fancy restaurant?" Peter asks after they're done eating, holding his belly uncomfortably.

"Shit, I don't know, depends on the restaurant. Casual, probably thirty bucks per person, a really nice place would probably run it up to seventy."

Peter chokes on nothing. "Holy fuck."

"Yeah, a lot of those restaurants think that simply the experience of eating there is worth it costing extra. Food's good though, I'll take you sometime." Tony says with a soft smile.

Flashbacks to MJ calling Tony Peter's sugar daddy flood back. "You'll take me?" He asks, trying to get a read on the older man.

"Yeah, to dinner, at one of those fancy steak places? Though I usually prefer burgers..." Tony trails off.

"Like a date? Or just like a- like a gift?" Peter asks, losing his resolve.

Tony's eyebrows scrunch up before his face softens. "Like whatever you want, Pete." He says, taking a sip of water.

"And if I wanted it to be a date, like a-"

"Sir, Dum-E appears to have gone rogue again." Jarvis interrupts.

"Son of a bitch, I'll be right back." Tony gets up and uses a card to unlock the door to the staircase.

Peter just sits there, cheeks red, not sure whether he should be mad or thankful that the robots interrupted him.

But regardless, he gets up and cleans up all the dinner mess, putting away the leftovers and washing the dishes.

Tony returns soon after, his mood clearly gone sour. "Stupid fucking- sorry, Peter, I had to shut him down manually because he was going crazy. Did you do all the dishes?"

"Yeah, I didn't just wanna just sit around waiting for you, besides, I was suppose to clean today, technically." Peter says, drying off his hands.

"I don't care if you clean, Peter, I'm gonna pay you anyway." Tony says.

And that's great and all but, why? Why would he pay him if he's not doing anything? Is that what this arrangement is? Just Peter spending time with an older man who pays him for existing?

"Am I your sugar baby?" Peter blurts out.

"Are you my what?" Tony says with a confused expression.

"Am- sorry MJ says she thinks you want me to be your sugar baby." Peter says.

"No, god no. I don't- I'm not paying you to keep me company, Peter. I get that I give you a lot of money, but that's not what this is." Tony says with a foul look on his face, taking a step forward. "Is that what you thought this was?"

"No, I just wanted to make sure, because that's not what I want." He says, shifting.

It's quiet for a moment and Peter wonders if he messed everything up, he wants to rewind, but he can't so he goes with "Wanna play in the snow?"

A grin breaks out across Tony's face. "You're not wearing pants, Peter."

"So? It'll be fun, come on, please?" He gives Tony puppy-dog eyes.

"Put your shoes on, you're not going out there barefooted."

They go up to the roof and Peter immediately realizes that Tony was looking out for him when he was being hesitant because it's cold as *fuck*. But he squeals anyway, holding his arms out to his sides and spinning around, catching snowflakes in his mouth.

"Careful, could be acid rain." Tony laughs.

"If it were acid rain, I don't think I could do this." Peter says, swiftly picking up a snowball and throwing it at Tony's chest.

"You don't know what you're asking for, baby." Tony warns as Peter makes another snowball and throws it right in his face.

A full snowball fight breaks out, both of them end up covered in snow before Peter suddenly catches a terrible chill, teeth chattering and shivers being pulled out of him by sheer force.

"Okay, come here. It's okay," Tony says, picking Peter up bridal-style and carrying him to the elevator. "Are you okay?"

"J-just cold. Sorry I didn't listen." Peter says through the chattering of his teeth.

"Shh, it's okay, I had a lot of fun. But we need to get you warmed up now, okay?" Tony says as the elevator takes them down to the main floor. "Can you tell if your undies are wet with the snow, too? Or just the shirt?"

"Can't tell." Peter says breathlessly.

"Okay, do I have permission to check?" Tony asks.

"Y-yes." Peter replies.

They get to the bathroom and Tony sets Peter down to sit on the countertop before he lifts off Peter's sweatshirt and pulls off his shoes and socks, making him shiver even harder, before carefully feeling the underwear on his hip. "Okay, they're soaked, we need to get you in the tub, can you get them off?"

Peter shakes his head.

"Do I have your permission to get them off for you? I can get you in the tub with them on, but it's up to you."

Peter feels like his bones and organs are shivering, he feels pathetic, knows that he shouldn't have gone out in the snow with no fucking pants on, but it's too late for that. It's embarrassing, knowing the first time Tony sees him naked he's freezing his ass off, but he's so goddamn cold. He nods.

Tony is so gentle taking his briefs down to his ankles before he runs a warm bath, picking Peter back up and setting him down so gently that he can barely feel it.

The warm water makes his skin prickle like pins and needles, but he immediately starts feeling better, like he's thawing out within seconds. When he looks up, Tony is turned away from him.

"Is the water too hot? Are you okay?" He asks.

"No, it's perfect." He says with only a slight shiver. He can feel Tony's nervousness from across the bathroom, though.

"Tony, it's okay, I just had a chill, everything is fine." Peter says reassuringly.

Tony cautiously turns around to look at Peter and sighs. "Oh thank god, you've got your color back. You were looking blue for a minute, I thought I'd let you sign your own death warrant."

Peter laughs, rinsing the dirty melted snow out of his hair and effectively ridding himself of his chill. In a moment of confidence he stands up. "Can I get a towel?" He says, smirking when Tony's eyes shoot to the wall behind him.

"Yes, absolutely, here." He says, shoving a towel in Peter's direction.

"I'm not a prude, you know." Peter says while drying off.

"I know that, Peter, I just saw your dick." Tony huffs out a laugh.

"I just don't want you to think that, since I didn't wanna have sex with you that first day, it was just the context was bad, not the rest." Peter says. Laying all the cards out on the table.

"I know, I knew when you showed up two weeks later in the skimpiest little outfit I've ever seen." He chuckles.

Peter finishes drying off before wrapping his towel around his waist again and walking out of the bathroom and picking out another sweatshirt.

"So you did notice." Peter throws him a smirk before pulling the sweatshirt on and dropping the towel to the floor.

"I did, abundantly so. It was a little bit too-" His eyes get stuck on the towel pooling around Peter's feet. "Too fresh, after the first incident. I'm gonna shower real quick, get comfy, okay?" He says

after a beat, slipping into the bathroom.

Once Tony left the room, Peter climbed under the covers on the side of the bed where Tony's phone charger wasn't, feeling like he had effectively teased the older man past his breaking point and now he could relax. This wasn't really the plan, but at least now he's pretty sure that Tony just wanting sex is off the table, because if it were the case, he would've jumped Peter's bones.

So that leaves platonically and romantically, which helps him narrow down his options to one that he deems a pretty good one.

Tony comes into the room the same as Peter did, with nothing but a towel around his waist, and he may have seen a lot of Peter's skin already, but Tony's skin was new territory. His skin is tan and olive toned and Peter expected him to have a dad-bod but, he's kinda fucking ripped, soft cuts of muscle dipping and extending on his skin and a nice pouch of softness on his belly. *Flawless*.

He puts on a pair of sweatpants and climbs into bed, looking at Peter with fond eyes.

"I thought about it." Peter starts.

"Oh boy." Tony sighs sarcastically.

"Shut up," he laughs. "I thought about what we talked about earlier, I don't want you to be a hairless notch in my bedpost."

"What does that even mean? Is that another pube joke, Peter? I swear to god." Tony huffs.

"No, well yes it was, but that's not the point. I know that it's not just sexual, it is that, but it's also the other stuff." Peter stammers.

"Slow down, start from the beginning, what are we talking about here?" Tony says, brushing a wet curl from Peter's forehead.

"The speech, I wanna hear the speech." He says firmly. "I know what you said, and I know how I feel and I wanna hear it."

Tony sighs and rubs his hand over his beard, the look on his face is unreadable. Peter wonders if he's pushed to far, if he should've just left it alone, because then what?

If the speech is the one he knows, deep down, he wants to hear, will they be in a relationship? And what does that mean for Peter's job? But if it's not? If Tony really does just love him as a friend, maybe they can pretend none of this happened- they can just go back to normal, to Peter cleaning and staying for dinner and watching airplanes and no, if Tony only loves him as a friend, then that means nothing that's happened in the past month was ever normal, so what would normal be?

Would he start pretending he didn't know about the shower pubes? Would he stop staying for dinner? They *just* started cuddling today, how was Peter suppose to be fine with that never happening again?

He'd have to be. He'd rather have him as a friend than not at all, no matter what being friends actually meant. But that doesn't mean he's not scared, while Tony lays there with this weird look on his face, one that makes Peter wonder if Tony would rather be anywhere but here. He wishes he'd been on that fucking elevator instead of Karen, wishes he'd heard this when he was suppose to.

Tony huffs out a breath and rolls onto his back, staring at the ceiling. "Okay. Come here so I don't have to see your face if you start laughing at me."

Peter's eyebrows shift together, almost offended that Tony thinks he'd laugh at something that he takes seriously, but he lays his head on Tony's chest, hearing first hand the shaky breath and sped up heartbeat before he starts talking, that sound alone tells Peter what he needed to know; he wouldn't have to figure out normal, after all, would he?

"Peter Parker," He says. "A few weeks ago you came into my life to clean my house- it was a mess because I'm a mess and I threw parties to get rid of the quiet. My friend Rhodey always tells me I need to get out there and meet people, and I could never explain to him why that felt wrong--why I threw parties here instead--I couldn't explain it until you stepped into my home and showed me."

"You came in and tore down my walls with relentless sass and precious kindness, you looked at my mess and you didn't clean it, because you thought it was fine, as is. You looked at me like I was whole, even though I wasn't. You looked at me, and your eyes pierced through my bullshit like it was never there in the first place. I couldn't explain why going out to meet people felt wrong, because who I needed to meet was meant to come here. You were meant to come here."

"One month ago, I didn't believe in soulmates, platonic or otherwise. But you, Peter Parker, you make me believe. I-" Tony's voice catches on his words, clearing his throat. "I love you, like it's what I was made to do. I love you platonically, I love you romantically, I love you mentally and spiritually and physically, and I promise to love you, from today to the end of time, because you were never here to clean my house, fate placed you here for me to love you."

Chapter End Notes

sorry for the cliff hanger(;
still not over don't worry

Chapter 9

Chapter Notes

Sorry for the late upload

Warning/spoiler this chapter is 99% smut- v mild daddy kink, v mild feminization, v filthy v smutty but it's been a long time comin

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Peter doesn't recall the last breath he took, doesn't know how long he's been laying on Tony's chest with his breath held, willing his heart not to beat because he's not ready for the last sound he heard to be anything besides Tony saying he loves him. Doesn't want it to go away, he wants to hold onto it for as long as he can.

But how long? How long can he will his organs into submission, how long can he beg his mind to stay silent while he clings to the last thing his ears sent to his brain.

"Peter, say something." Tony whispers.

The spell is lifted, but not broken. What does he tell him? That he if he were holding a ring he would already be on his knees? That he's not convinced he's not dreaming? Everything.

"I called it a game, you know. The dynamic, the domesticity, I thought of it like a game that we resumed when I came back every week. I didn't know it was real, that my wildest fantasy could be real. I love you, I love all of it, the mess, the not-game, all of it." Peter says.

He hears Tony sigh before removing Peter from his grasp and walking out of the room.

"Tony? Where are you going?" He rasps.

Tony comes back holding a dead, withering rose. "The speech it- it wasn't all that I meant for it to be, but it happened exactly as it was suppose to. You deserve better than this rose, but it's everything I have to give you, so pretty symbolic, I guess."

Peter wants to tell him, wants him to know that it's everything. Everything he's ever wanted and needed and deserved--to be loved by someone like Tony, but he can't think straight, not until they've touched.

He steps into Tony's space, confidence overthrowing nerves. "Tony, this is it for me. This is everything." He whispers.

"I meant every word I said, it was all real. I feel like I was built to love you, I feel like if you're not here then I'm not here. The passion I feel for you is tangible, Pete." Tony says, taking a step closer.

Peter feels his heart pumping in his throat, he can't think straight anymore, nothing exists besides their everything.

"Tony." Peter breathes, looking at Tony's eyes, hoping he can see.

"Peter." Tony breathes, hands slipping into Peter's hair.

"Tony." Peter mumbles, wrapping his arms around Tony's bare lower back.

"Peter." Tony rasps, gripping the hair between his fingers with a tug.

"Tony." Peter gasps, lips brushing Tony's with featherlight touch.

Peter doesn't remember the moment between not-kissing Tony and kissing Tony, but their lips are touching and it's everything. He doesn't remember when Tony's tongue entered his mouth, just knows that it's massaging his own softly. He doesn't remember when Tony backed him up against the bed and laid him on his back, but he's hovering over Peter, propped up on his hands with a knee wedged between Peter's open thighs.

The kiss quickly becomes urgent, Peter suckling and nibbling on Tony's lower lip while Tony's hand gives firm tugs at the hair at the base of his neck.

"Tony, I- I can't, I gotta-" Peter struggles, trying to get out of his sweatshirt.

"I've got you, wrap your arms around my neck." Tony says, Peter obliges.

Tony slips his hands under Peter's butt, picking him up and laying down under him, setting Peter down on his hips. Once Peter is straddling his hips, he slides his hands under the sweatshirt and slips it off, fingers immediately flickering over his bare nipples and putting his mouth back on Peter's.

He slips his hands into the waistband of Peter's undies, rough, calloused hands gently rubbing and squeezing the soft, pump flesh is a contrast that Peter never wants to forget.

Peter can feel his oversized boxers tenting and his growing erection heavily sitting against Tony's belly, he shifts his hips back and forth, seeking friction. The head of his cock catches on the fabric of his underwear on the forward thrust and Tony's hard cockhead nudges in between his cheeks on the backwards thrust, causing both of them to moan into each other's mouths.

"Oh god, Tony." Peter breathes. "Please."

Tony looks up at him with lustful eyes, glancing down at the precum soaked peak at the tent of Peter's underwear. He dips one finger into the front of his waistband and tugs it towards himself, peeking at the stiff cock that's been catching on his belly button with every forward thrust.

"Look at that," he says, voice gravelly and lustful.

"Gonna take care of this, 's that okay with you? Can I touch this beautiful cock, baby?" Tony asks.

"Fuck- please. Please Tony." Peter grunts, shifting his hips forward, causing his cock to slip above his waistband and fall out of his undies with a soft, wet thud against Tony's belly.

"Jesus fucking-" Tony curses, grabbing Peter's ass again and sliding him forward to sit up on his chest.

Tony's tongue licks up the sticky clear sheen on the head of Peter's hardness before sliding the length of it past his lips and nuzzling his nose in the soft tuft of pubic hair at the base, suctioning

his mouth tightly around the girth. He rubs his tongue sloppily over the vein on the underside of the solid cock in his mouth, bobbing his head in earnest, sliding Peter's hips back and forth with his bruising grip, helping the younger man fuck his mouth.

"Tony wait- I'm- I won't last." Peter says between gasps.

Tony pulls his mouth back, the entire area around his mouth shining with spit and precum and says "Don't want you to last, baby." before diving his mouth back over the cock like he already missed Peter's taste.

It doesn't take Peter long to cum, hips jerking, dribbling his climax into the back of Tony's mouth while the older man holds his hips in place with firm fingertips, sucking around his slit to slurp up everything left.

Peter is writhing at this point, rambling nonsense while his body tries to run from the overstimulation. "Fuck me, Tony please, please fuck me. I can't- please, need your cock in me, please."

"Shh," Tony says, sliding Peter's bottom back towards his hips and tugging him to lean forward a bit. Once Peter's leaned forward, Tony grips his cheeks and spreads them, finger ghosting a touch over his entrance. "Want daddy in this hole, baby?"

Peter nods, pouting and trying to push his hips back.

Tony wastes no time, flips Peter over and lays him down on the bed, yanking his own underwear off. His swollen, angry cock smacks against his belly before he grabs the lube from the bedside drawer. "Are you clean, sweetheart?"

Peter nods and makes affirmative noises high in his throat.

Tony puts himself between Peter's legs and lubes up his fingers, looking up at Peter with hazy eyes. "Gonna put my fingers in your hole, is that okay?"

Peter is still nodding from the previous question, eyes pleading.

Tony slips a fingertip past the tight, hot ring of muscle, wriggling it around to ease the stretch. When he feels Peter relax around his finger he nudges another one in next to the first and starts finger-fucking him purposefully. "That good baby?"

"Please, please fuck me. Please, need your cock, stuff me full, please?" Peter rambles, trying to push his hips forward as Tony's fingers bump against his prostate with every thrust.

"Shh, don't need to beg baby. Princesses always get what they ask for, don't they?" Tony murmurs, kissing Peter's inner thigh and slicking lube over his length.

Peter stops fidgeting just long enough for the thick, blunt head of Tony's cock to pop past the entrance of Peter's hole.

Once Tony feels Peter relaxing around him, he sinks his cock into his body, smooth pubic bone pressing against Peter's balls, groaning at the hot tightness wrapping around him. He slowly starts thrusting, sliding his length all the way out before pressing back in.

They envelop each other's bodies while Tony fucks Peter, a slow but firm rhythm. Tony catches Peter squirming beneath him and grabs the younger man's ankles in one of his hands, closing his legs and lifting his hips up off the bed. He drives his cock into him, shifting the angle so his cockhead is pounding into Peter's prostate.

Peter blows his second load with a loud cry of Tony's name, cum spewing up his chest. His hole clenches reflexively, swallowing around the older man's cock, pushing him to his own orgasm.

"Fuck- you like that baby? You want daddy to put his cum in here? Right in your sweet little hole? Gonna pump your belly full of cum, princess. Gonna fucking-" Tony cums with a grunt as his hips snap forward, shooting every drop into Peter, painting his insides.

Tony collapses his body on top of Peter's, the younger man running his fingers through Tony's sweat-soaked hair.

"Thanks." Tony mumbles.

"I- did you just thank me for sex?" Peter laughs, voice raw.

"No, I thanked you for the best sex of my fucking life." Tony says, heaving up off the bed. " 'm gonna get you a wash rag."

"Wow, that's saying something coming from the most eligible bachelor in New York." Peter shouts back sarcastically.

"Wow, you know I really thought I fucked the sass out of you." Tony says, wiping the drying streaks off Peter's chest.

"It was dormant, but don't worry, it recovers very quickly." Peter says with a grin.

"Little shit." Tony grumbles with a fond smile.

"So are you my boyfriend now?" Peter says once they're back in bed together.

"Wow, putting it all out there, aren't we?" Tony says.

"Oh yeah, my resolve is in my cum, and I'm all drained out." Peter chuckles.

Tony laughs, rubbing his thumb over a hickie he left on Peter's collarbone. "I'm everything you want me to be, baby."

Peter thinks for a moment. "Everything sounds about right."

Peter falls asleep in Tony's embrace, thinking of games that aren't, thinking of airplanes, thinking of everything.

Chapter End Notes

still not over, dunno how many more chapters but I really like these characters so idk lmk ur opinions

Chapter 10

Chapter Notes

This will be the last chapter before the epilogue!

Peter wakes up the next morning alone, convinced he'd been dreaming. How could he not have been? Tony, the love, the sex, it was too good. But then Tony is walking in, carrying a tray of breakfast.

"Morning, baby." He says, setting the tray on he bed and pecking a kiss to Peter's lips.

"Morning," Peter says, excitement resurfacing. "Thought it was a dream."

"It was, Peter. It is, 's all a dream." Tony grins.

Peter sits up, feeling a dull ache at his core that he knows is from sex. "Interesting, usually wet dreams don't make my ass hurt." He gets up to go pee before they start eating, stopping to look out the bedroom window on his way to the bathroom.

The roads are salted and full of people, the world resumed on its axis. He continues to the bathroom and wonders if Tony made his coffee the way he likes it, only then realizing that Tony doesn't know how he likes his coffee.

He doesn't know how Tony likes his coffee either; doesn't know what toppings Tony likes on his pizza, doesn't know what his childhood was like or what kind of music he listens to. The man could be a republican and Peter would be none the wiser.

He climbs back onto the bed to eat breakfast with Tony and decides he wants to know everything.

"Tony? Can we get to know each other now? The boring stuff?" Peter asks, putting his plate in his lap.

"Of course, babe. Ask me anything." Tony smiles.

"Okay, what do you like on pizza?"

"Everything, I like a lot of toppings." Tony says. "You?"

"Plain cheese, we can work that one out though." Peter says.

"Yeah, we can. My turn," Tony says, tapping his fork on his mouth thoughtfully. "Oh! I've been meaning to ask you this, how old are you?"

Peter almost falls off the bed, laughing so hard.

"I realized I never asked, it didn't even cross my mind until after we fucked." Tony defends himself.

Peter recovers and lets his face fall into a passive expression. "I'm sixteen, my birthday was in August." He says, casually taking a bite of omelet before glancing up to Tony to check how

quickly the blood was draining from his face.

"Oh my god, Tony, I'm joking. I'm twenty, I promise I'm grown." Peter laughs.

"That was not fucking funny Peter." Tony buries his face in his hands.

"Well maybe you should've asked before you fed me your cum through my asshole!" Peter laughs. "How old are you?"

"Forty five, almost a senior citizen." Tony smiles.

"Oh, yeah. You practically need viagra." Peter rolls his eyes. "Okay, what movies do you like?"

"I love westerns, and those old victorian era movies, total guilty pleasure." Tony says.

"*Westerns*? Oh god, this is worse than I imagined." Peter spirals. "Fuck, you're not a republican, right?"

"What? No, god, no. Green Party, one hundred percent." Tony says, voice laced with offense.

Peter lets out a breath. "Thank god. Okay, um, what- oh, my favorite movies are sci-fi."

Their conversation goes on for almost four hours while they eat and clean the kitchen and sit on the sofa drinking more coffee than they should. Peter starts to feel a lot better, now that he's actively getting to know the person he's in love with.

He knows it's weird, probably wrong in some way, loving someone just because, and not getting to know them first. But he figures love isn't rational, so he decides not to rationalize it.

Even then, the conversation only ends when he realizes that he doesn't know where his phone is. "Fuck, May probably thinks I'm dead. Have you seen it?"

"No, do you want me to call it?" Tony asks.

"I'm gen z, Tony, we keep our phones on vibrate." Peter scoffs.

They find his phone in the bedroom after a few minutes and Peter has fourteen missed calls, twelve from May and two from MJ. He calls May first.

"Peter Benjamin, where the fuck are you?" She yells.

"I'm fine, May. I got snowed in at the penthouse. It wasn't safe to drive last night so I just stayed here."

"Why didn't you call? I thought you were dead." She yells again.

"I forgot, I'm sorry. I didn't mean to worry you, I promise I'm fine." Peter says, dropping his head back on the headboard.

"Well you did, and MJ is livid. She took a cab to your apartment early this morning and she said you weren't there, she should be at the penthouse in a minute or so." May trails off.

"Wait, what? Did you say MJ is coming *here*?" Peter says, jumping up to pace the room.

"Yeah, and you're lucky I'm not with her." May says before hanging up.

"Fuck, Tony, MJ is coming here." Peter rushes, panicking.

"You wanna tell me why that's upsetting you?" Tony smirks.

"Wh- does it not bother you?" He asks and Tony shakes his head.

"Well I told her yesterday that we weren't fucking and now we are, and she's gonna tell May everything she sees today. Also, I've never been in a room with two people I've had sex with before." Peter rambles.

"Okay, slow down." Tony gets up to grab Peter's shoulders. "Do you wanna keep this a secret? Because I'll do it, but that's not exactly what I planned."

"No, no I don't wanna keep it a secret. It's just- so new, I don't wanna break it." Peter pouts.

"Hey, I'm an engineer baby, I can fix it." Tony drawls with a smirk. "Anyway, it's gonna be alright. I'll meet your friends and your aunt and anyone else you want me to meet, whenever you want me to meet them. I can-"

"Sir, there is a Michelle Jones demanding to speak with you." Jarvis says.

Tony raises an eyebrow to Peter, Peter sighs and grumbles, "Send her up, buddy. Tony, can you stall so I can get...not naked?"

"Peter fucking Parker!" He hears as he's pushing Tony out of the bedroom.

He hears MJ yelling at Tony and makes quick work of dressing himself, cringing as he slides his dirty leggings on underneath the t-shirt he finds before barging out of the bedroom. "MJ, oh my god shut up." Peter groans.

"You fucking dick." MJ marches up to him and punches him hard on the shoulder. "I thought you got sex trafficked, you twat!"

"What the fuck- ow! MJ, christ. I'm sorry, I forgot to call, but I'm fine, see?" Peter flinches away from her gaze.

"You were seriously here sucking hairless dick while me and May worried over you? You owe me so much pizza, you don't even fucking know." She glares at him harder.

"Well, not technically sucking-"

"No, you're grounded from sex talk for a week." MJ says, folding her arms.

"First of all, yeah right, I give it twenty minutes max before you start asking questions. Second, I really am sorry, I didn't mean to scare you."

MJ glares at him. "Okay, I believe you." She says apathetically, turning to look at the living room of the penthouse. "Nice place you got here, Anthony."

"Thanks, you can call me Tony." He replies with an eyebrow quirked up.

"Right. So Anthony, what are your intentions with my boy here?" She asks, sitting on the sofa with

her legs crossed.

"MJ, jesus god, stop it." Peter groans.

"Well, Michelle," Tony says pointedly, stepping right into her glare. "My intentions with Peter are whatever he wants them to be."

"Well that's bullshit, you have to want something." MJ says, waving her hand in the air. "If it were up to you, be honest."

Tony seems a bit surprised, but considers it for a moment. "I want to be in a committed, monogamous relationship with him. I don't know him all the way, yet, but I know enough to know that I love him very much."

MJ looks at him through squinted eyes for probably sixty seconds, Tony maintaining eye contact while Peter collapses on the floor in the background out of sheer cringe, ready to pull his hair out.

After a literal fucking minute, MJ blinks for possibly the first time since she arrived. "Cool." She says before picking up the tv remote and flipping through the channels.

At this point, Peter is laying on the floor, staring at the ceiling, ready for Tony to kick them both out. After a moment, Tony is standing above him. "You're obscuring my view of the piece of confetti stuck to the ceiling." Peter says.

"C'mere, baby." Tony holds out a hand to lift Peter off the ground, Peter obliges begrudgingly. "You okay?"

"Am I okay? Are *you* okay?" Peter asks pointedly, eyes darting to MJ.

"Yeah, I'm good." Tony shrugs. "I like her, she's funny."

"She's funny- what? What is going on!?" Peter yells to the piece of confetti.

Tony laughs, pulling Peter into a tight hug, kissing the top of his head. "You're in trouble for tell her about the pubes though." He whispers.

"Trouble, huh?" Peter sighs.

"Yeah, big trouble." He says with a light pat to Peter's ass making the younger man laugh.

"I love you, Tony." Peter says.

"I love you, Peter." Tony replies.

"Can you guys keep it down?" MJ says, watching an episode of The Office that Peter knows she's seen at least two dozen times.

Peter leans into Tony's ear and whispers, "Follow my lead, sit on her left side."

Peter walks around and sits on her right while Tony sits to her left, Peter leans right in front of MJ and motions for Tony to do the same before grabbing the back of his neck and yanking him into a deep, passionate kiss, tongue immediately deep in Tony's mouth, licking and exploring all over, Tony apparently gets the message because he sucks Peter's tongue *hard* and bites.

This goes on for a moment or so before he hears a muffled voice, he opens his eyes and looks at MJ who looks just as apathetic as before, but is on the phone. Peter furrows his brows.

"Yeah, he's fine. You should come over." She says into the phone. "Yeah to the penthouse, it's awesome."

"MJ, who the fuck is that?" Peter asks.

"Shh," She whispers before mouthing "It's Ned. Don't worry, I already texted May."

Peter looks at Tony, eyes wide and exasperated, Tony just looks fond.

"I'm going back up to the roof, don't bother drawing me a bath." Peter says quickly, standing up and moving to take his pants back off. Tony grabs his wrists and smiles softly.

"I'm happy, Pete. I'm happy to be meeting your people. Is it too fast? If you're actually uncomfortable, I can stop this." Tony says.

And yeah, it's fast. But everything else has been fast too, and look how great it is. He fell in love within a month, and has a committed boyfriend after one night together, it happened within a split second, Peter thinks, so he knows fast isn't automatically bad.

"I'm happy too, Tony. But hold your proclamations of joy until you meet May." He says, pecking Tony on the mouth.

Thirty minutes later, Peter's entire family is in his and Tony's private space and Peter is feeling something very akin to the first day, when the elevator almost killed him.

"I brought pizzas," May says as she enters, gazing at the large living room. "Beautiful home, you must be Tony."

"You must be May, it's lovely to meet you, I've heard wonderful things." Tony says, giving her a chaste, dry peck to her cheeks, lips not even touching her skin.

And of course, Tony is a complete charmer with her. Ned, surprisingly, is the only one who seems to make him uncomfortable.

"Are you a billionaire or a millionaire?" Ned had asked while Peter and MJ punched his shoulders simultaneously on both sides.

"Depends on who you ask, I suppose." Tony replied, shifting under Ned's amazed gaze.

"Is it true that you had a public orgy in the nineties?" Ned asked.

"Um- I, no?" He'd replied.

"How many cars do you have?"

MJ manages to drag Ned away and can be seen for the next minute scolding him into the corner like a puppy.

"Sorry, he's..." Peter trails off. "Enthusiastic."

"I can tell." Tony chuckles awkwardly.

"It's worse if you humor him, just let your inner-embarrassing-teenager out and he'll basically ignore you."

"I'll remember that." Tony smiles.

"Anthony," MJ says, dragging Ned back into the conversation. "Ned here would like to say something."

"Sorry for asking you about orgies." Ned said.

"No biggie." Tony shrugged.

"Perfect." Peter whispers.

They all eat pizza together and laugh and Peter feels like he knows Tony better now than he did after their four hour game of twenty questions. Tony tells the story about Peter demanding to go out in the snow without pants on, making MJ scream in laughter and May furrow her eyebrows in concern, and Peter tells the story of when he found Tony's pubes in the drain, hopeful that he's pushing the older man closer to his breaking point so that Peter can get properly spanked.

Ned tells Tony about the time during their senior year of high school when Peter sneezed out a snot rocket onto the back of the boy he had a crush on, to which Peter countered with "and I still got laid", making May roll her eyes and Tony choke on his pizza.

Then MJ takes the liberty of telling Tony about their own sexual escapade during their junior year, stating "Peter's dick made me gay", to which Tony replied "It would've done the same to me if I hadn't already been" filling the room with a smattering of awes and gagging noises.

It was much too easy, Peter thinks. This kind of love-filled lunch feels more like a wedding reception where Tony meets every close and distant person in Peter's life, given that the people in this living room are all that Peter has. He pushes the thought into the back of his mind to live with the thought he'd had last night- of dropping to his knees with a ring in his hands.

Much too easy, much too soon, but altogether flawless. He thought back to a month ago, his drifting thoughts about where he was suppose to be going in his life, and reflected deeply for a moment about the fact that, despite his unwavering certainty, he still had no idea.

This wasn't a fix--being with Tony, even if it felt like one. He still wondered, thought about passions and ambitions and having dedication to his work the way that Tony does, and the harder he thinks the more clueless he gets. He's starting to wonder if not everybody had something like that, something that they love that also puts food on the table. Cleaning puts food on the table, and Peter likes it, but he doesn't love it. He recently acquired a very deep fondness for cooking and baking, but that only puts food on the table in the literal sense, given that he's not very good at it.

But just like he was a month ago, Peter is still only twenty. He keep things the same for a while, just while he figures out what he wants. Maybe Tony was broken, but Peter wonders absently if being indifferent in regards to life was worse than being broken.

He's not sure, but he has all the time in the world. This is life, beautiful and hilarious and frustrating and sometimes, none of those things at all. Like the days that Tony was drunk, sometimes life is empty besides the daily breaths and pumped blood and firing neurons. Sometimes life is barely anything, at all. But today is everything. The not-game is real, and his life kicked into gear without him even noticing.

This is it, this is the beginning.

Chapter 11

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

One year after their snow-day, Peter stood in the kitchen roasting a chicken once again after asking Jarvis to keep Tony in the lab for a few hours.

Tony had learned not to interfere with Peter's spontaneity a long time ago, so he let his boyfriend and AI have their fun while he sat patiently waiting for his surprise.

Their year hadn't gone by in a blur, nor had it trudged by like cold honey. It trickled along like a raindrop dripping across the window of a car that was moving too fast.

"Hey, I never asked, how come you shave your dick?" Peter had asked one night after they'd loved each other breathless.

"Got crabs from a one night stand in college, had to shave them out. I liked how it felt so I just kept doing it." Tony shrugged. Peter's pube jokes hit a second wind after that because fucking obviously.

The anniversaries of their parents' deaths was the closest they came to falling apart, but they carried each other like two wounded soldiers, and made it back in one piece.

Tony stopped drinking after the Karen debacle, deciding that Peter didn't need anyone else on his roster of people to worry over, and Peter stopped making sugar-daddy jokes for the same reason.

"We can take care of each other without tearing ourselves apart," Tony had said. "That's the balance we have to work towards, keeping ourselves together to stay together."

And they did.

By that one year mark, Peter was almost finished with his first semester of culinary school. He'd grown to love cooking more than cleaning, so after a myriad of housewife jokes and several threats against his life at the hands of his boyfriend, Peter let Tony pay for his tuition.

It took until their six month anniversary for Peter to properly move into the penthouse.

"Fine, but my frogs are coming with me!" Peter had yelled in final compliance during their fifth half-joking fight on the subject.

"When did you even get frogs?" Tony yelled back.

"When I was eight, and they live for thirty five years so buckle the fuck up!"

He brought his frogs and his Hello Kitty panties and his four-feet-tall stuffed camel and his

unconditional love for Tony.

Two months later they had a full-blown cricket infestation and Tony had to accept that this was his life- this was Peter, and this was what he wanted.

But on that day, their one year anniversary, Peter pulled out the wilted rose he'd kept hidden with the cleaning supplies under the sink and readied himself to ask Tony to be his husband.

When Tony stepped out of the elevator, faced with the smell of uncharacteristically nostalgic food, he knew exactly what was about to happen, and fought tooth and tongue not to say yes to a question that had yet to be asked.

Peter knelt in front of the tableful of food, wearing the shorts that started it all, holding a dead rose in one hand and a ring in the other as Tony unsteadily walked forward.

"One year ago, you told me that I was never here to clean," Peter had said, voice confident and prepared.

"That's become clear to me, because there's still a piece of confetti stuck to the ceiling from that first party. I know, now, that if fate brought me here for you to love me, then fate must've also brought me here to let you.

"I saw your mess and walked around it, because you needed me at your side more than you needed me to clean it, but you cleaned it without my asking because you told me that I was worthy of more. We stood together before we had a solid foundation because we knew exactly what fate had promised us before we even knew each other.

"And so I'm knelt here today, with no reserve, asking you, Tony; will you marry me?"

Tony said yes, obviously.

Their wedding was one month later, because they were nothing if not expeditious, at a small park near the tower in the middle of December because Peter wanted an outdoor wedding and, fundamentally, didn't give a fuck if it was snowing.

They said I do surrounded by May, MJ, Ned, Rhodey and Bruce. Peter wore a white pantsuit accented with lace and rhinestones, Tony wore a smooth, black tuxedo. Their vows were mostly jokes, because they didn't hesitate to tell each other analogies of their love on the average day- figured they might as well switch it up.

They had pizza at their reception, per Peter's request, sitting around the living room of the penthouse covered in confetti and glitter.

The room was loud and hectic as they opened their gifts; MJ got Peter a maid-style lingerie set and Tony a framed image of herself wearing a green face mask.

Ned gave Peter the Lego Death Star that they'd built together in high school and super-glued

together when Ned dropped it halfway through the build, and gave Tony an Atari game system that he'd refurbished based off of a conversation they'd had about Tony's childhood.

May gave them plane tickets to Paris for their honeymoon, despite Peter's arguing because 'it's not every day my boy gets married, let me spend some savings on this, you little fucker'.

Rhodey and Bruce banded together and helped May with the honeymoon, one of them paying for a week at the Ritz Paris, the other giving them reservations to L'Ambroisie, one of the nicest restaurants that Paris has to offer.

It was overwhelming, to say the least. A year prior, Peter hadn't been sure of anything aside from his love for Tony. He hadn't been sure about anything at all.

But sitting in this penthouse with his family, Tony's fingers threaded with his own while everyone around him belly-laughs with their heads thrown back, he is.

In that moment, neither of them knew that Peter would spend five out of seven days on their honeymoon with a stomach virus.

Neither of them knew that two years later they would move to a secluded cabin in upstate New York after Tony gave his company to his right-hand.

Neither of them knew that their five year anniversary gift to each other would be their approval letter from an adoption agency.

But in that moment, newly wed to the love of his life, surrounded by laughter and love and the precious preoccupation to remember this moment exactly as it is, Peter knew one thing. He was finally sure. Sure as the snow, sure as the stars, sure as his love.

Peter was sure that nobody could take his confetti away.

Chapter End Notes

that's it(:

this was such a fucking joy to write, I want to thank each and every one of you for your support and kudos and comments.

The final line is from the song that the name is after, I strongly recommend at least going and reading the lyrics, bc it's fantastic.

thanks again for the love, y'all are my muse (obv I was gonna say something sappy, did you read the fucking book?)

-Luli

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